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legislature (we suppose he meant Congress) would pass a law making it hanging to publish this campaign trash. He doesn't think it improves our morals. We ought to mention that this same gentleman has been recently converted to the truth and necessity of an international copyright. This will be glorious news to our English friends.

The Appletons make an impression in their new and elegant store. Our mahogany-colored, and highly civilized guests from Japan, who have put us on our best behavior for the last ten days, were, it is said, highly pleased with the establishment, and made several purchases of books, among which was the new Encyclopedia, of which they had heard mention in their native country.

The Mason Brothers will publish to-day (the 1st of July) De Couret's *Life in the Desert*. This is a work of real merit. It gives pictures of life in the desert that will be new and strange to most readers. We have rarely read a work more calculated to excite the imagination and interest the reader. The translator has performed a difficult task faithfully and satisfactorily. The book will serve as an antidote to the trash literature, or rather the campaign literature now flooding the market.

George P. Putnam is sending people of taste into an admiring mood over a *national edition of Irving's Works*, printed on tinted paper. This national edition is an exquisite specimen of the skill we have reached in book making, to say nothing of art. Darley and others of our best artists have been called in to embellish the work, and they have performed the service nobly. Gentlemen of taste, see if you have not a place in your library for this beautiful edition.

The third and last volume of *Parton's Life of Jackson* is in the hands of the binder, and will be brought out about the 10th of this month. It is the only full, ample, and reliable life of the hard-featured old hero, extant, and has met a welcome reception from the press and the public. Holcombe's poems, by the same house, are meeting a good sale and a generous criticism.

*The Bobbin Boy*, from the press of J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, is a cleverly written and interesting work, and shows how, by diligence and perseverance, a lad, poor and friendless, may begin at the bottom, and climb to the highest round in the ladder of fame. It is well illustrated, and got up in that style of neatness so characteristic of this house.

*The Biblical Reason Why*, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, is a book calculated to delight and astonish our friends who are curious on matters of theology, but have not heretofore been able to solve questions of an abstruse and mysterious character. Here they are all made clear to the common understanding. The book is a perfect compendium of scriptural explanations, and has been indorsed and recommended by learned divines of every denomination throughout the country.

Walter Colton's books, so valuable for the entertainment and instruction they afford the reader, are again before the public, in a neat and handsome edition, published by D. W. Evans. These books are five in number, written in a free and flowing style, discovering a keen observation, a delicate sense of humor, and a rare facility to picture life in its natural colors. The author takes you to various parts of the world, and is equally at home in describing what he saw in Turkey, and what he did in California, during the first year that we had possession of the country, when he was called on to administer justice to a peo-

ple now disappearing before the more energetic race that has superseded them. The early history of our possession of California, so vividly and humorously described here, will have a lasting value for those who come after us.

We said there was nothing in the book world to excite particular notice. There is. *Rutledge*, a novel, by nobody, and published by those enterprising gentlemen, Derby & Jackson, is attracting a deal of notice. The female heart is much stirred with it. Indeed, it has taken so deep a hold of their sympathies that they are all reading it, and shedding whole brooks of tears over it. The young men are getting up an opposition to it. They say it interferes with their flirtation arrangements; that it makes the girls so serious and thoughtful, that it is next to impossible to obtain recognition. Were it not for the publishers' word to the contrary (and the word of a publisher is as sacred as the law of the land), we should charge Miss Evans, the author of *Beulah*, with being the parent of this book. Divers indiscreet writers have compared Rutledge to Jane Eyre. This is at least odious. It falls far behind that remarkable book, in all the essentials of novel writing. The writer has evidently been a close reader of Charlotte Bronte, and discovers it too glaringly at times. But the writer has failed to grasp her terseness of style, or even imitate the beauty of unity, which is so prominent a feature of her works. This matters but little. Rutledge is a work of great power, exhibiting deep thought, a fine fancy, and a rare facility for painting character, with great fidelity to nature. The reader who takes the book up will not, unless he be a stoic, lay it aside until he has reached the end. What Rutledge lacks, as an artistic novel, is finish. The story runs smoothly and naturally enough, and the interest is maintained unbroken. The plot, too, is ingeniously conceived, the adjuncts are handled with great skill, and the development managed with a master hand. Such books do good, because they strengthen the mind, teach us lessons of duty and forbearance under trial, and show us how to travel over the straight road of virtue.

Another book by the same house, is *Margaret Moncrieffe*, or the first love of Aaron Burr. Mr. Parton, in his admirable *Life of Aaron Burr*, has given the country about all it wants to know, or indeed all that is worth knowing, of that remarkable man. The present work is by Mr. Charles Burdett, and is called an historical novel. It, however, adds nothing to the knowledge already obtained through Mr. Parton's work, of the hero he has chosen; nor is there anything in the literary execution of *Margaret Moncrieffe* to give it high claims to public favor.

CORRECTION.—In our last number, in the notice of the miniature engravings by St. Memin, on exhibition at Mr. Dexter's store, the number of his store was given as 362 Broadway. It should have been 562 Broadway.

REFINEMENT.—In following the history of mankind, we observe that, in proportion as nations cultivate their moral and intellectual powers, atrocious actions diminish in number; the manners and pleasures become more refined, the legislation milder, the religion purified from superstition, and the arts address themselves to the finer emotions of the mind.—*Spurzheim*.

It is vain to be always looking toward the future, and never acting toward it.—*Boyes*.